# Select Specimen

OF

# PRINTING TYPES,

BY

BLAKE AND STEPHENSON,

SHEFFIELD.

---

1830.

## SANSPAREIL 15 LINES PICA. No. 2.

# Mm

## SANSPAREIL 15 LINES PICA. No. 2.

# Mm

# ГЕРМАНІЯ

## ВУЛЬКАНЪ ИЛИ ГЕРЕЯ ГЫСУ. № 3.

АНИКЕЕВ МУЗЕЙ ГЫСУ. № 3

THIRTEEN LINES PICA. No. 2.

MAB

coins

TWELVE LINES PICA.

ARM

mane

# MAN

## AMERICAN LINES PIER HOBOKEN

TWELVE LINES PICA ITALIC.

MID

main

TEN LINES PICA, No. 2.

# TIME manet

TEN LINES PICA, No. 2.

# R.A.M manor

BIGELOW, KIDDER & BIGELOW.
A. 02.

EIGHT LINES PICA, No. 4.

# BLAKE
# sanders

EIGHT LINES PICA No. 4.

# MAN magnet

SEVEN LINES PICA No. 3.

COMET

sermons

SIX LINES PICA ITALIC, No. 2.

DURHAM
masonry
MAN

FIVE LINES PICA, No. 4.

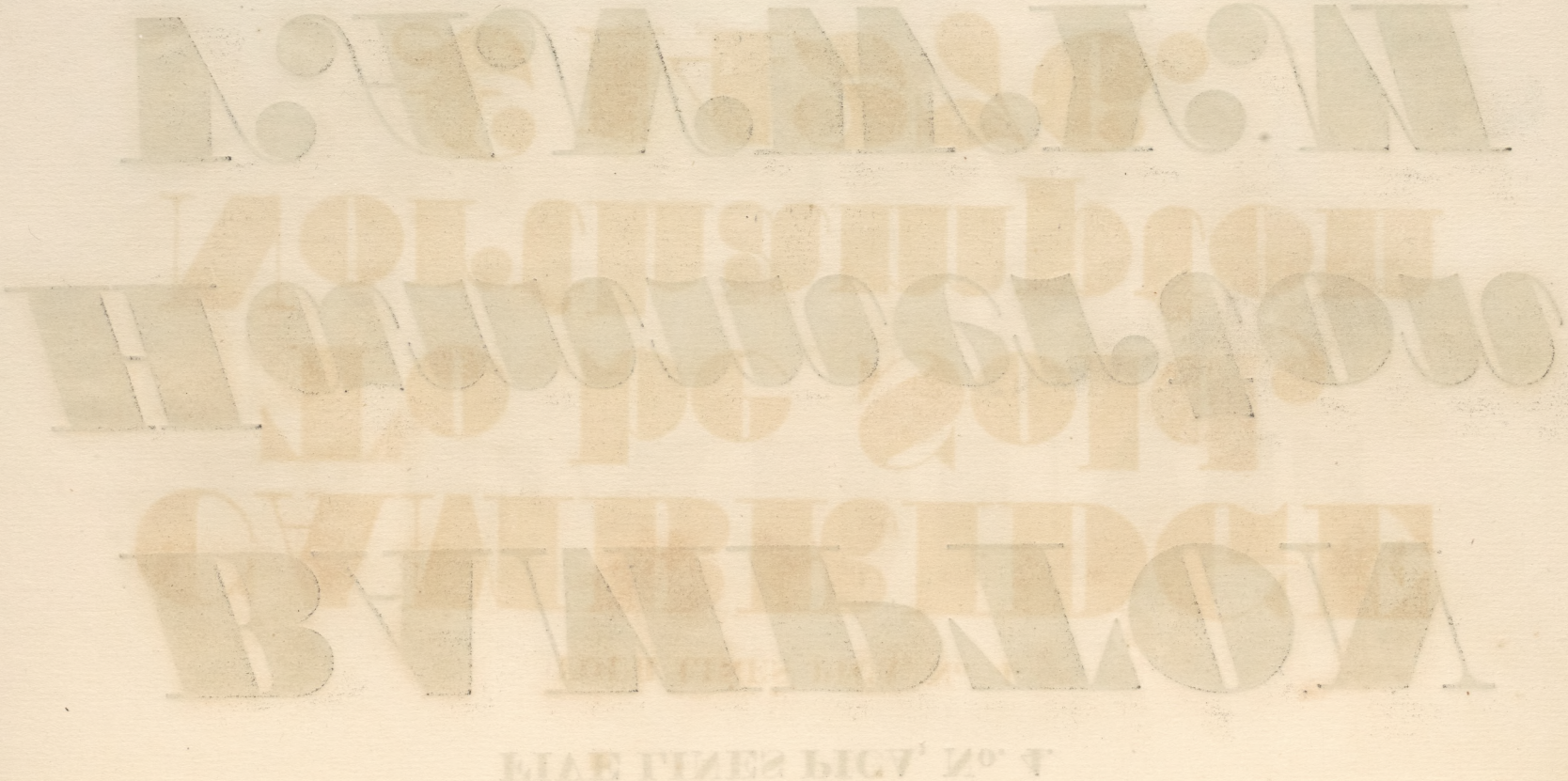
READING
Brampton.
£1826.

FIVE LINES PICA, No. 4.

BAMPTON

Hammerton

VANWYM



FOUR LINES PICA, No. 4.

CAMBRIDGE
To be Sold,
Northampton
£14276.

FOUR LINES PICA, No. 4.

FRODSHAM
Buckingham
MANWYV,
Ground Rent

CANON, No. 4.

# Quousuqe tandem abutere Catilina, Sold by Auction NORTHAMPTON £613248.

# Geschichte der Entdeckungen im Gebiete der Naturwissenschaften

Band I.

CANON, No. 4.

# Quousque tandem abutere Catilina,

# MENSURATION

# Freehold Lands.

# M.A.N.W.Y.Y.

TWO-LINE GREAT PRIMER, No. 3.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet quem ad fine

ABCDEFGHJKLMNOP

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP

£1234567890

TWO-LINE GREAT PRIMER, No. 3.

*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jacta*

*ABDEFGHIJKLMN*

*VANWAYMAN*

Сборникъ
статистическихъ свѣдѣній
о Россіи, изданныхъ
Статистическимъ
Отдѣленіемъ
Императорскаго
Россійскаго
Географическаго
Общества.

Отдѣлъ I. Статистика Россійской Имперіи.

Томъ I. Вып. 3.

## Double Pica, No. 6.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil ur-

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit ni-*

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*VANWAYMAN*

## Great Primer, No. 5.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus lo

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil con*

*AABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ*

## ENGLISH, No. 2.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRST

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Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos*

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRST*

# ISAIAH.

## CHAP. LIII.

*The benefit of Christ's Passion.*

WHO hath believed *our* report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

2. For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see him, *there is* no beauty that we should desire him.

3. He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and, we hid as it were, *our* faces from him: he was despised and we esteemed him not.

4. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of GOD, and afflicted.

5. But he *was* wounded for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace *was* upon him and with his stripes we are healed.

6. All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way, and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

8. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

NEW ENGLISH. (No. 5.)

# ISAIAH.

## CHAP. LIII.

*The bearer of Christ's Tidings.*

WHO hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the LORD revealed?

2. For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3. He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and, we hid as it were, our faces from him: he was despised and we esteemed him not.

4. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of GOD, and afflicted.

5. But he was wounded for our transgressions: the chastisement of our peace was upon him and with his stripes we are healed.

6. All we like sheep have gone astray: we have turned every one to his own way, and the LORD hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

7. He was oppressed and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

8. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

## ENGLISH, No. 4.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte eger is, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii

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ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWX

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nos tra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris,*

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMOPQRSTUVWX*

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUV MAN*

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face;
And even in crowds am still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

## ENGLISH, No. 4.

### LEADED.

WHATEVER similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress.

Men a little elevated by liquor seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in the sallies of wit, *is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiscretion, or malice,* while at the same time they preserve thought, subtlety, and good-humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose "whimsical consistency" we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is insufferable or rather impossible.

In such an uneasy dilemma, the unsteady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination—

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## Pica, No. 2.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit; fit publici consilii particeps: notat et

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*The spacious firmament on high,*
*And all the blue ethereal sky,*
*And spangled heavens, a shining frame!*
*Their great original proclaim.*

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze and light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature.

## PICA, No. 6.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris ubi fueris quos convocaveris quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit consul, vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit; fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela

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## To Printers.

*Allow us to submit to your notice this Specimen of our new Pica; being one of a Series of Founts from English to Pearl, cut upon a principle entirely new. In calling the attention of the Trade to these Founts, we trust we shall not be deemed presumptuous when we assert, that none have hitherto appeared which excel them in point of durability; and few, if any, to equal them in that most essential Quality. As to their appearance in print, we must appeal to the judgment of our Customers; but may be allowed to observe, that in this particular, we have succeeded to our own entire satisfaction, and to that of every Printer who has tried them. We would therefore respectfully solicit a minute inspection of the Specimens, and an impartial comparison with those of our Contemporaries.*

*We are, Gentlemen,*

*Your most obedient Servants,*

*BLAKE, GARNETT, & Co.*

This, therefore, not only shows the evident superiority of Christianity to all other moral or religious systems, but likewise the necessity there was for such a revelation as might give a divine sanction to virtue; founding it on the fear and love of God, and the hopes of a future state; as being most consonant to God's moral government, and the happiness of man.

To conclude: Is it not a strong presumptive proof of the *excellence of the Scriptures,* and of the revelations contained in them being more than human, that they have already pervaded, as it was foretold they would, so great a part of the known world; that they have been believed and embraced by the most learned and enlightened men in each nation; that they have been canvassed and examined by the most able and ingenious of all denominations, *and have stood the test of the severest scrutiny;* even amidst the discussions and attacks of the most ingenious infidels and sceptics; and that they still prevail and rise superior to every attack, and gain strength by opposition. And is it not hence to be presumed, that their prophesied propagation will become universal; and that as arts and sciences, and good government more and more prevail, and the communications between distant nations become more extended and more firmly established by the improvements of commerce, and the reciprocation of mutual acts of friendship and humanity; so likewise shall true and undefiled religion flourish more and more, *and knowledge and righteousness cover the earth,* "as waters cover the sea."

## Small Pica, No. 6.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quemnostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum mediocriter labefactantem statum

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare*

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*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ*

Where, through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's soften'd glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere!

SMALL PICA, No. 6. (LEADED)

ABOUT eleven o'clock, the sun began to disperse the fog, while its rays and a light fresh breeze precipitated it towards the earth, (that is towards the Canary Islands) and at noon the PEAK OF TENERIFFE, which in the countries where it rises, is called the PEAK OF TEYDA, appeared to us in all its plenitude of beauty.

This mountain maintains a distinguished rank among the highest of the globe, and from its isolated situation, it is certainly one of the finest. It presents a picture which strikes with astonishment, and inspires admiration and delight, when, at the distance we discovered it. This noble elevation of the globe offers itself, when the other mountains which to the North and East surrounded its base, are not perceivable; and this PEAK detached and isolated, reigns over the maritime horizon, and seems an immense pyramid emerging from the bosom of the sea. This noble picture was additionally impressive to us, as the obscurity with which it was shrouded, was almost instantaneously dispersed.

If any faith may be attached to accounts well attested, and which appear authentic, this mountain may be seen at a prodigious distance, and itself presents an immense horizon. Travellers have assured us that they have beheld it at a distance of *more than eighty leagues;* it may be seen from LANCEROTTA, which is fifty leagues distant, and the guides, (who attend those who travel to the summit of the Peak,) who often frequent this elevated point and who are accustomed to observe the different Islands which close its horizon, affirm that when the sky is quite calm and serene, they have often distinguished the *high mountains of Madeira, which are a hundred leagues distant from this point,* and very clearly the great Salvage, and all the Islands which form the Archipelago of the CANARIES.

Small Pica, No. 7.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam diu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese eff renata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium pa latii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus lo cus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia tene ri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Sènatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ vide-

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But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature: hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos au-*

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Leaves & smaller small Capitals have been cut to this Pattern

Small Pica, No. 7. Leaded.

FOUR hundred years have gone over us since that period; yet I believe no material change has taken place in our opinions on this subject. Thanks to our sullen resistance to innovation, thanks to the cold sluggishness of our national character, we still bear the stamp of our forefathers. We have not, as I conceive, lost the generosity and dignity of thinking of the fourteenth century; nor as yet have we subtilized ourselves into savages. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers.

We know that *we* have made no discoveries; and we think no discoveries are to be made, in morality; nor many in the great principles of government, nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption.

In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are *the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals.* We still preserve the whole of our feelings native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. *We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms.* We fear God; we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility. Why? Because when such ideas are brought before our minds it is *natural* to be so affected; because all other feelings are false and spurious, and tend to corrupt our minds, to vitiate our morals, to render us unfit for rational liberty; and by teaching us a servile, licentious, and abandoned insolence, to make us perfectly fit for, and justly deserving of slavery, through the whole course of our lives.

## Small Pica, No. 8.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam diu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere

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*We have the pleasure to annex for your information a memorandum containing particulars of the sales made here during the last two months, and of our arrivals to this day. Our prices have been very fairly supported throughout, indeed we believe no market on the long run has made better returns than this, and the adjacent Port.*

*Although the quantity now under delivery to the Dealers is considerable, we are happy to say the demand continues such as to afford a great probability of an advance of price on the stock remaining in first hands, but in our next we shall be able to give more particulars.*

Sweet bird, that shunns't the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way.

Long Primer, No. 1.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur si istius

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Too late I staid, forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours,
For noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.

Oh! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
The plumage of their wings?

*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipub-*

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## Long Primer, No. 2.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos eitam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris ubi fueris quos convocaveris quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit; fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos om-

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O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

Long Primer, No. 3.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque m

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The heart of man, like iron and other metals, is hard and of firm resistance when cold, but warmed, it becomes malleable and ductile. And if the mind is to be affected and improved by the operations of pity and terror, no means are so well adapted to that end, as a strong and lively representation of the agonizing struggles that pre cede, and the terrible horrors that follow wicked actions. It is by touching the passions, and exciting sympathetic emotions, that the tragedian must hope to interest the Spectator. I will appeal to any person of taste, whether the following speech of Wolsey, in which he gives the testimony of his experience, and the result of his own feelings, would make the same impression, if uttered by a set of speculative sages in the episode of a Chorus, on the Grecian Plan

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I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Long Primer, No. 4.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos eitam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris ubi fueris quos convocaveris quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit; fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos om-

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Say why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward.

## BOURGEOIS, No. 4.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius jurorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis fam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris.

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I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors, who introduced a graceful manner into our language. At least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far, amongst us. But wheresoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its highest perfection in the essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good sense have any admirers. That becoming air which Tully esteemed *the criterion of fine composition* and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of the most elegant performances of that excellent author. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the Graces, having searched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of MR. ADDISON.

## BOURGEOIS, No. 5.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris: quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catalina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris.

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Land of my sires! nurse of the brave and free,
Queen of the isles, and mistress of the sea,
For deeds of glory fam'd thro' all the earth,
For generous virtues, and for manly worth:
Thy various skies a rougher face may wear,
And colder blasts oft chill thy ev'ning air,
Than softer climes, and brighter seasons, know,
Where suns and breezes warmer shine and blow:
But who, tho' ocean's billows round him roar,
Would leave, for other lands, his native shore?
Welcome to me thy green and dewy vales,
The wholesome freshness of thy purer gales,
The fruitful showers that from thy clouds distil,
Thy hoary frosts that whiten plain and hill,
And, where the land may feed no grazing flocks,
Thy wildest deserts and most barren rocks.

## BOURGEOIS, No. 6.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te*

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Dois-je oublier Hector privé de funérailles,
Et traîné sans honneur autour de nos murailles?
Dois-je oublier son pere à mes pieds renversé,
Ensanglantant l'autel qu'il tenoit embrassé?
Songe, songe, Céphise, à cette nuit cruelle
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle;
Figure-toi Pyrrhus, les yeux étincelants,
Entrant à la lueur de nos palais brûlants,
Sur tous mes freres morts se faisant un passage,
Et, de sang tout couvert, échauffant le carnage;
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourants
Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirants;
Peins-toi dans ces horreurs Andromaque éperdue:
Voilà comme Pyrrhus vint s'offrir à ma vue.

## BREVIER, No. 1.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ privatus interfecit.

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WHEREAS a Commission of Bankrupt is awarded and issued forth against Thomas Noakes and John Stiles, of Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, Warehousemen, Dealers, Chapmen, and Co-partners, carrying on business in Manchester aforesaid, under the firm of "Noakes and Stiles," and they being declared Bankrupts, are hereby required to surrender themselves to the Commissioners in the said Commission named, or the major part of them, on the 11th and 12th of March next, at ten in the forenoon, and on the 6th of April following, at three in the afternoon, at the Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester, and make a full discovery and disclosure of their Estate and Effects: when and where the Creditors are to come prepared to prove their Debts, and at the second sitting to chuse Assignees, and at the last sitting the said Bankrupts are required to finish their examination, and the Creditors are to assent to or dissent from the allowance of their Certificates. All persons indebted to the said Bankrupts, or that have any of their Effects, are not to pay or deliver the same but to whom the Commissioners shall appoint, but give notice to Mr. Peter Todd, Solicitor, Cross-street, Manchester; or to Mr. Ralph Arundel, Chancery-lane, London.

*** The following Capitals may be had with this Fount if preferred

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul videt: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur. si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ privatus interfecit:*

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## BREVIER, No. 2.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ privatus

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WHEREAS a Commission of Bankrupt is awarded and issued forth against Thomas Noakes and John Stiles, of Manchester, in the County of Lancaster, Warehousemen, Dealers, Chapmen, and Co-partners, carrying on business in Manchester aforesaid, under the firm of "Noakes and Stiles," and they being declared Bankrupts, are hereby required to surrender themselves to the Commissioners in the said Commission named, or the major part of them, on the 11th and 12th of March next, at ten in the forenoon, and on the 6th of April following, at three in the afternoon, at the Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester, and make a full discovery and disclosure of their Estate and Effects: when and where the Creditors are to come prepared to prove their Debts, and at the second sitting to chuse Assignees, and at the last sitting the said Bankrupts are required to finish their examination, and the Creditors are to assent to or dissent from the allowance of their Certificates. All Persons indebted to the said Bankrupts, or that have any of their Effects, are not to pay or deliver the same but to whom the Commissioners shall appoint, but give notice to Mr. Peter Todd, Solicitor, Cross-street, Manchester; or to Mr. Ralph Arundel, Chancery-lane, London.

*** The following Capitals may be had with this Fount if preferred

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*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul videt: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ privatus interfecit:*

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## BREVIER, No. 7.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vutusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus, Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum mediocriter labefactantem

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## MINION, No. 1.

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These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepar'd they set and rise.
These too, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air;
Sole or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.

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Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and sense are one; and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
To noblest uses it determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is obtain'd
By sense alone and dignity of mind.

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*A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V X Y Z Æ Œ.*

## EMERALD, No. 1.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum, Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus. P. Scipio pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ privatus interfecit! Catilinam vero orbem terræ cæde atque incendiis vastare cupientem nos consulis perferemus? nam illa nimis antiqua prætereo, quod Q. Servilius Ahala Sp. Melium, novis rebus studentem manu sua occidit: Fuit, fuit ista quondam in hac republica virtus ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quam acerbissimum hostem coerc-

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WHEN we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, we shall probably be led to conclude that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man in proportion to the vigour of his complexion is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquility to gain an abundance. But it is not therefore to be inferred that such men are not ambitious; their desires may have cut out another channel and determined them to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on by the desire of distinction. But though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, may be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures, as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence. It is nature therefore which furnishes man with a general appetite for glory, but education that determines it to a particular object.

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## Minion No. 8, on Nonpareil Body.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio pontifex maximus, Tiberium Gracchum, mediocriter labefactantem statum reipublicæ privatus interfecit! Catilinam vero orbem terræ cæde atque incendiis vastare cupientem nos consulis perferemus? nam illa nimis antiqua prætereo, quod Q. Servilius Ahala Sp. Melium, novis rebus studentem manu sua occidit: Fuit, fuit ista quondam in hac republica virtus, ut viri fortes acrioribus suppliciis civem perniciosum, quam acerbissimum hostem coercerent. Habemus enim senatus consultum in te, Catilina, vehemens et grave: non deest reipublicæ consilium, neque auctoritas hujus ordinis: nos, nos, dico aperte, consulis de-

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## NONPAREIL, No. 4.

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| Sea Island, o. and s. .. | 0 | 9 | — | 1 | 0 | Barbadoes ..... | 0 | 9 | — | 0 | 9¾ |
| mid. g. and fi. .. | 1 | 0 | — | 2 | 0 | Bahama ..... | 0 | 7 | — | 1 | 0 |
| New Orleans ..... | 0 | 8 | — | 1 | 0¼ | Dem. and Berbice .... | 0 | 9 | — | 1 | 0 |
| Tennessee ..... | 0 | 7¾ | — | 0 | 8½ | Pernambuco ..... | 0 | 1¼ | — | 10 | 1 |
| Bourbon ..... | 1 | 1 | — | 1 | 3 | Maranham ..... | 0 | 11 | — | 0 | 10 |
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*Nonpareil Italic, No. 4.*

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## LARGE BODIED PEARL, or RUBY.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum presidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus, bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, o mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex maximus, Tiberium

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# ISAIAH.

## CHAP. LXI.

1. *The office of Christ. The forwardness and blessings of the faithful.*

THE Spirit of the Lord God *is* upon me: because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to *them that are* bound.

2. To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God: to comfort all that mourn.

3. To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

4. And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

5. And strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien *shall* be your plowmen and your vine-dressers.

6. But ye shall be named the priests of the Lord: *men* shall call you the ministers of our God, ye shall eat the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves.

7. For your shame *ye shall have* double, and *for* confusion they shall rejoice in their portion: therefore in their land they shall possess the double: everlasting joy shall be unto them.

8. For I the Lord love judgment, I hate robbery for burnt offering; I will direct their work in truth, and I will make an everlasting covenant with them.

9. And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they *are* the seed which the Lord hath blessed.

10. I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh *himself* with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth *herself* with her jewels.

11. For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

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**THE TYPES CAST AT THIS FOUNDRY, ARE TO THE LONDON STANDARD FOR HEIGHT AND MAY BE HAD SCOTCH HEIGHT IF REQUIRED.**

**£1234567890**

* These are Cast as Small Capitals, if required.

BREVIER ITALIC SHADED.

*ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ &c.*
*ASTRONOMICAL, MENSURATION.*

BREVIER ITALIC ANTIQUE.

***ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆŒ &c.***
***TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION***

PEARL ANTIQUE.

**ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆŒ ,;:.-'?!**
**HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.**
**£1234567890**

**The Antique Character, if well executed by the Founder and properly displayed by the Printer, is both useful and ornamental.**
**The Sale to commence at 6 o'Clock each Evening.**
**Valuable Freehold Property.**

PEARL ITALIC ANTIQUE.

***ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZÆŒ & ,;:.!?***
***PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER.***
***PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.***
***1234567890***

N. B.—These Founts are also cast on Nonpareil Body.

TWO-LINE ENGLISH BLACK, No. 3.

The Beauty of the Old English Character is entirely destroyed when cut of an extreme fatness; and this fatness cannot be of any advantage, except in the larger Sizes used in Posting Bills.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQ

EGRNVY To be Sold.

TWO-LINE ENGLISH BLACK, OPEN.

# And be it further hereby enacted that the Mayors, Bailiffs, or other head Officers of every Town and place ABCDEFGHIJKLMN To be Sold by Auction.

Brevier Antique.

**THE lower case Antique with which this notice is printed, matches the Brevier Capitals already in the hands of most of our customers: and we hope will give the same satisfaction to the Trade in general as all our former Founts of Antique have done.**

**BLAKE, GARNETT, and Co.**

**DECEMBER 1827.**